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Puck

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THE BOW-WOWS ARE LOOSE AGAIN.



PUCK.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, May 31st, 1893.—No. 847.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING THE GEARY LAW.

WHEN THE GEARY LAW was passed it was thought to be a sort of blank cartridge that could be fired harmlessly to create a little Republican enthusiasm during a dearth of that article. The decision of the Supreme Court affirming its constitutionality was as much of a surprise to its authors as it was to the people of the United States. Lack of means to give the law effect saves us, for the present, from an act of narrow-minded injustice that would illy become us. Public sentiment has approved the suspension of the law, and will undoubtedly uphold any measure that would permanently nullify it. Putting aside the ethical phase of the question, it is curious that an exclusion law should have been passed against the least offensive of the races that come to us. It is equally curious, and mortifying withal, that a law so portentous as the Geary law should have been saddled upon the country in answer to the clap-trap demands of demagogues. The Chinaman is seen at his worst in San Francisco. Outside of that city, wherever he is found, in the West or the East, he is an honest, industrious, inoffensive creature, working hard for the few hundred dollars that secures him a life of opulence in his own land. He furnished the best labor that built the transcontinental railroads. In the gentler arts of the launderer he has always been proficient. He has been for years and is, to-day, of inestimable value to the fruit-growers and gardeners of California. He is employed extensively as cook and house-servant from Victoria to San Diego. As a servant he is superior to the average female domestic. He does n't want to be out four nights a week attending the "Gentlemen Something-or-others' Annual Ball," has no objections to the country and has no cousins on the police force. He brings to his work infinite patience and a spirit of rigid economy. His honesty is second nature with him, his infrequent lapses being too plainly the result of an attempt to assimilate Caucasian ethics. In San Francisco, however, fifty thousand Chinamen are allowed to huddle together in an area of something like a dozen blocks. We presume the San Francisco Board of Health permits this state of affairs because it is a novelty as picturesque as it is foul. At any rate, it is a condition that concerns San Francisco alone, and does not call for federal interference. The Chinese Six Companies, perhaps, invite a little adverse legislation. They control absolutely great numbers of Chinese. It was by their advice that the Geary law was disregarded. The Six Companies, rather than their helpless victims, should be made to feel the law's lash. If the Chinaman had only shown a disposition to meddle with our politics, we would at once have enfranchised him and floated his flag from our city halls on his St. Patrick's day. His political non-existence, how-

ever, and his morbid desire to mind his own business, have made him the favorite target of demagogues. There is no "Chinese vote" to catch.

A splendid example of the way demagogism approaches the subject of immigration was furnished by Senator Hill the other day, when he headed an inquiry of the Senate Committee on Immigration. Not unnaturally you would expect the Committee to inquire into the practical workings of the various immigration laws; but this would show your ignorance of Senator Hill's conception of his duty. This is the way he investigated the subject: (He is questioning Dr. Senner, Superintendent of Immigration, recently appointed by President Cleveland.) "How did you get your appointment?" "Who recommended you?" "Are you not aware that one of your deputies was chairman of an anti-snapper convention?" "Is it not a fact that you owe your appointment to your reputation as an anti-snapper?" While probing thus skillfully into the mazes of the immigration problem, the senior Senator from New York received a rude shock: one of his colleagues objected to this line of questioning as being undignified, and boldly asked the witness a question that touched upon the subject in hand. When Senator Hill had sufficiently recovered he protested indignantly against the folly of dragging into an immigration inquiry anything so foreign to the subject as matters pertaining to immigration. The committee finally agreed to illuminate the obscure phases of the subject by investigating Dr. Senner's nativity and religion. That is the way Senator Hill is resenting his present embarrassing part in the scheme of the universe. It is also the standpoint from which the politician handles immigration matters.

CONCERNING THE RIGHT WAY TO GAMBLE.

The late commercial storms seem to have been only partly due to the feeling of insecurity born of the Sherman law. The break in Industries stimulated the general fear with disastrous results. That there were no deeper causes for the disturbance is shown by the character of the failures. They have nearly all been firms that were openly engaged in speculation, or banks that speculated secretly at the expense of their depositors. There is, we think, a simple way of preventing such disturbances, by restricting the scope of Wall Street operations, and diverting our national gambling spirit into its legitimate channels. The speculator can no longer contend that he is not a gambler, and there is no further excuse for his interference with material products. The New York Stock Exchange should be fitted throughout with faro layouts, roulette wheels and poker tables. Faro is one of the most popular of American games, yielding but a small percentage in favor of the "house." Roulette is known as a "sucker's game" because of its heavy odds against the player. It would be invaluable in separating his money from the lamb who ventured into the street. The game of draw-poker needs no encomium. It has reached its highest development on American soil. Properly played, it demands the same trained mind that stock gambling does, and it is a much neater game. There would still exist the same opportunities for the exercise of dishonest methods. The "square" gambler and the "tin-horn" would be as distinct classes as they have shown themselves to be in the last flurry. We are too broad-minded to pretend any longer that we frown upon gambling. It is a profession followed, for the most part, by eminently respectable people. The time is past, too, when we can make invidious distinctions between the man who gambles with chips and the man who gambles with paper. We believe our plan will especially commend itself to the persons concerned, for its simplicity, and the tendency we think it would have to do away with panics that are not the result of some real financial stringency.



KNEW HOW IT WAS.

RAMP (on West Street).—Can you give me a few cents to get some breakfast, sir?

MR. DELAWANNA (promptly producing a quarter).—My poor fellow! Did you have to run for your train, too?

OLD AS THE HILLS.

SOUNDER.—This artificial leg in dancing is quite a new idea, is it not?

POUNDER.—Why, no, man! I remember ballet dancers with legs that were artificial, twenty-five years ago!

IT'S THE fellow who drew a blank that speaks of life as a lottery.

SO MANY successful pugilists go upon the stage, that it is a great wonder the unsuccessful ones don't start dramatic schools.

NOTICE.

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RUINOUS.

THE HOUSEWIFE.—Bridget, I smell gas leaking. Do you suppose it comes from the hall burner?

BRIDGET (after a sniff).—Lakin', is it? Bad luck to it! It'll be all over the new carpet. (Hastens for the mop.)

THE LYRE IN CHICAGO

LOVE'S RIDDLE SOLVED.

A WONDROUS THING, her name was King,
And still my Muse tunes up to sing;
And stranger yet; for, *par ma foi*,
She lived 'way out in Illinois.
O Blind Boy, Love! what was thy spell
That made me love so passing well
A girl named King, Chicago belle?

'T was not because her feet were small;
'T was not the time, though that was June;
'T was not the watching Western moon
Though gleaming on the fountain's fall:
It was a charm unknown to bard,
From which nor soldier, sage nor saint
Could 'scape by fasting, thought nor feint:
Her father owned a cattle yard.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

Ah! Love is timid and Love is shy!
I can not riddle the reason why,
But Love is timid and awful shy.

The Queen of the West was my loved one's home,
But the home of my brain is a noble dome:
From golden millions I would not roam.

Yet Love 's a flower that 's timid, shy,
And shyly it springeth, especially
Through the unsunned soil of poverty:

But I marveled thus: "Oh, what is gold
To the inexhaustible wealth untold
Of a loving heart?" And I grew more bold:

Strong my love burst forth: "O Nellie Bunce! —
For I must call you by that name once —
My love is a first love's exuberance —

(For several times I had loved before,
And I was a judge) — "Oh, evermore
Let your home be here in this bosom's core!"

And I added that question — "Oh, what is gold
To the inexhaustible wealth untold
Of a loving heart?" — that had made me bold.

She put her hands in her pockets then,
And knitted her brows as business men
Knit theirs; and answered what here I pen:

"Your proposition of even date
Is just at hand. In reply I'd state
That I can not as yet complete my slate.

"But this I'll mention: I truly feel
That I could be yours for woe or weal
Should my father fail on his present deal."

LOVE'S ACCEPTANCE.

She lives in Chicago, Horatius,
In a green granite palace, most spacious —
L'is-à-vis of that park
Where you're clubbed after dark,
Or garroted, or something vivacious.

(Oh, my darling, with heart of the dove,
Fluttered earthwards from purer above! —
The figure is old,
But old, too, is gold,
And golden though olden is love.)

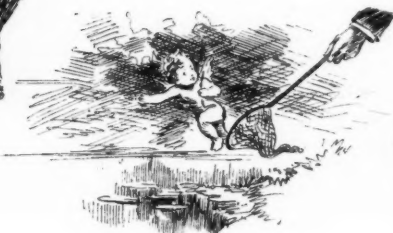
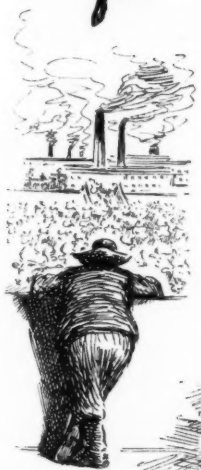
How ask for the coveted boon?
Should I wait for an evening of June,
When the pathway of gold
O'er the lake was unrolled
From the carpet-store out in the moon?

When Luna's white arms in the spray
Of their magical, mystic array
Should wave the mists through
And beckon us to
"The invisible land far away?"

Ah! dullard to think I could wait
For the slow-moving calendar's date
Lips tremble! Why, yes —
But they say not the less;
Ah! dullard, to think I could wait!

Exchange we strolled into one day:
I "offered" my hand — brokers' way;
Then the blushes up-crept
While she said, "I accept;
Will you please to deliver in May?"

Williston Fish.



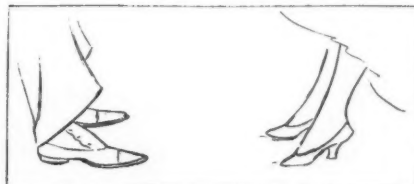
WHAT WE THINK OF OURSELVES.

To see ourselves as others see us
(Thought Burns) *we* 'd feel surprise;
I think *they* 'd feel a greater shock
Who saw us through *our* eyes.

OUR UNCLE, the pawnbroker, may not have
pleasant ways, but we have to put up with him.

LOVE'S FOOTSTEPS;

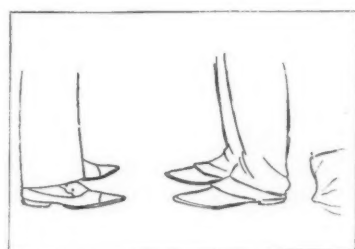
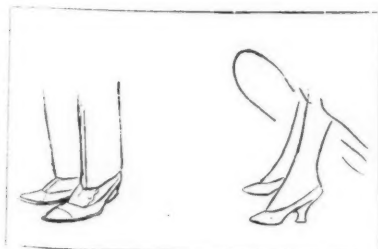
OR, ASKING PAPA.



KIX.

Wealth does not bring contentment,
And none gets what he axes;
For if he did, he 'd want the earth,
And growl about the taxes.

THE MAN who starts out to "make a night of
it," is very often surprised to find it is morning.



MY TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

THEY SAT facing one another in the smoking-room of the parlor-car. One was tall and thin, and the other was short and stout. One wore glasses and a red beard; the other was clean shaven, and looked like a Catholic priest. As I entered, I overheard the tall, thin man, with perfectly solemn countenance remark:

"I wish I were on the Isle of Lesbos, to-night;" and then the short, fat man, without a smile, buried his smooth, florid face in his hands for a moment.

"It's quite easy," added the tall, thin man; "quite easy, and not very far away."

What to make of this statement, I hardly knew. Both men looked like intelligent, rational beings, and yet the tall, thin man's utterances were certainly only one step removed from the idiotic. It was a somewhat eccentric desire that he expressed, to begin with; but to add that such a desire was quite easy of accomplishment, and that the Isle of Lesbos was not *very* far away, was more than eccentric: it was palpably untrue.

Presently the little fat man looked up. There was a smile upon his rotund visage.

"I have it!" he said.

For a moment neither spoke. Then the little fat man, looking straight at his *vis-à-vis*, droned forth in a solemn monotone:

"The man who is consciously sinewy, or knowingly muscular, is always self confident."

And the tall man, with the red whiskers and eye glasses, with much the same intonation replied:

"Though a Viennese may have beauty, and a Parisienne *chic*, a Gothamite combines them both."

"Is that one?" asked the little fat man.

"Yes," answered the other; "let us see who will dig out first."



It was evident to me now that I was ensconced with two lunatics. They were, however, seemingly not of a dangerous type, and I decided to sit still and listen to their curious admixture of sense and nonsense.

It was the tall, thin man who, after a couple of minutes of silent brooding, broke the quietude.

"'Knowingly sinewy,' I think you said;" he remarked.

"'Consciously sinewy,'" replied the other.

"Oh!"

Then there was another period of brooding, during which I pretended to read a newspaper. Suddenly I was startled by a shout from the tall man.

"Why, of course!" he exclaimed; "it's capital, too."

The little fat man smiled, but said nothing. There was a far-away, vacant look in his eyes. Presently, however, the gloom seemed to lift, and he laughed aloud.

"Roberts," he shouted, "let me congratulate you. You're clever; deuced clever!"

Roberts shook hands with him by way of acknowledging the compliment, and remarked:

"Those whom misfortunes fall on, do not always commit suicide."

If I had up to this time entertained any doubt as to this individual's insanity, I was now fully convinced. He was, I concluded, on his way to some lunatic asylum. It was possible that the little fat man was in charge of him and was indulging in this extraordinary conversation merely to humor him.

"You bury them very quickly," said the little fellow.

Roberts seemed pleased at this, though just why, I could not understand.

"Have n't you buried one for me, Williams?" he asked.

This turn of the conversation somewhat startled me. I fancied that I should very shortly hear a confession of some horrible murder. "After all," I said to myself, "the little man *is* insane. The pair have escaped from their mad-house after having committed some awful, wholesale atrocity."

For a moment Williams peered out of the car window into the darkness. When he once more turned his gaze upon his friend, it was to observe:

"That's not up to your usual form, Roberts. How is this?—Anti-pyrine is a good thing to keep a rising temperature down with."

Roberts removed his hat and ran his fingers through his long, bushy, red hair. It seemed, as I looked at him, over my paper, that his eyes were very wild indeed. Then I heard him shout "Paris!" as though he had been groping for ages after the capital of France.

"Now," he added, "we seem to be well out of America, but we have n't got to India yet. Do you remember Fetters? I caught that mad rascal by the throat and strangled him."

I felt my hair rise on end, and a cold chill disported itself up and down my spinal marrow. It was as I thought: he was a murderer.

"It was very easy," returned Williams.

And that was the man I had mistaken for a priest.

In fear and trembling I arose from my place, and, stepping cautiously out, sought the conductor.

"My dear sir," I said, "there are two maniacs in the smoking-room. I have just heard them confess to strangling one of their fellows. They must be given in charge at the next station."

The conductor accompanied me back to the apartment and together we stood outside the door for a moment listening.

"The God of Mahomet, Allah, as seen in the Koran," Roberts was saying, "is all wisdom and power."

"Did you ever hear such insane stuff?" I asked.

The conductor peeped in, and I peered over his shoulder. At that moment, the little fat man looked up and caught sight of us. I suppose there must have been something in our faces that told our concern, for the stout passenger burst into a hearty laugh.

"I guess," he exclaimed, "you people think we're daft, don't you? Well, well, I don't wonder!" and then he laughed again and Roberts joined in, adding:

"We must have appeared like a pair of fools."

It was plain enough to me now that they were perfectly sane persons, and I was thoroughly ashamed of myself for my timidity; yet I was as much at a loss as ever to understand their strange conversation.



"We were merely trying to kill the time by burying cities," explained Williams; "the children's game, you know: making sentences in which the name of a city is somewhere spelled out."

"And when your friend said he wished that he was on the Isle of Lesbos to-night," I interjected, "he spelled out what?"

"'Boston,' of course," returned Roberts.

Ten minutes later I was deeply interested in burying cities myself; and when I left the train, both Roberts and Williams were puzzling their brains over what I considered my master-piece:

Said Pat to Matt: "It is a rat."

"O gammon!" said Pete: "It is a moskeet."

Charles Stokes Wayne.

GAVE HIM THE BILL.

REGGY VAN BROKE.—Why have you called upon me, Mr. Twilling?

GRAY TWILLING.—I came here for my bill, sir.

REGGY VAN BROKE.—Oh! well, here it is. Take it, and don't bother me again.

COLD CASH bears the same relation to a belle in the matrimonial market that the chromo does to a pound of tea on Vesey Street.

THIS WORLD is all a strawberry box;
And if to think you'll stop,
You'll find the very biggest men
Are always on the top.

TIME FLIES—Seventeen-year Locusts.

BARKING DOGS sometimes bite the dust.

IT is the man who beats that is willing to let
by-gones be by-gones.

A SARTORIAL NECESSITY.

"I wonder that Funnyman does n't get weary of always wearing the fool's cap."

"To him it is a livelihood."

A LAW-SUIT wears out sooner at the pockets than at the knees.

BEFORE A MAN can paddle his own canoe successfully, he must first learn to sit in it.

THE LIMIT OF HIS PATIENCE.

"**S**IR COAL DEALER, you are rich,
For that without saying goes,
Yet you wear a dismal expression which
Bespeaks unto me deep woes!"

"I'm wild," said the lord of coal,
"And can not suppress the tear
That wells from my weary, burdened soul
When I think of the girl just here,

"Who asked me with a supreme
And unconscious sort of gall
To buy some tickets for an ice-cream
And strawberry festival!"

R. K. M.

"IT'S A WISE CHILD."

BESSIE (of Chicago).—I saw Papa while I was downtown to-day.

MRS. LIVEWATE.—How very indefinite!

THE MELODIOUS mosquito now
Doth haunt the nights of June;
And never a critic says of him
That he plays a pointless tune.



DISCOURAGING.

WEARY RAGGLES.—Please, Mister, can't you give me a little assistance?

MR. NEWCOMER.—Dig up this garden and I will give you fifty cents.

WEARY RAGGLES.—Better keep it, Boss; you'll need it to buy vegetables with.

HIS IDEA OF EASE.

TOMMY.—I think a bicycle is a great deal better than a sled.

PAPA.—Why do you think so, Tommy?

TOMMY.—Why, because you can ride it up hill instead of having to haul it up.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADVERTISEMENT.

"When the baby is through nursing it must be uncorked and put under the tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it must be boiled."

TRYING TO keep a lawyer pecuniarily satisfied is about as difficult as it would be to fill a whale with French peas.

A SKEPTIC is a man who doubts the accuracy of his own watch.

WE ARE all willing to acknowledge that we have our faults; but mighty few of us are willing to acknowledge the faults our friends see in us.



RUINOUS PROSPERITY.

SERVANT.—Youse'll either have ter give me more wages or youse'll have ter foind a new girrul.

MRS. HIRAM DALY.—Why, Nora, you were perfectly satisfied with your wages, and I'm sure I have treated you well.

SERVANT.—Thot's jist it, Ma'am; Oi'm gittin' thot fat me clothes won't fit me, an' Oi have to spind all me wages on new ones.

A SPIRITED REPLY.

TEACHER.—Give me an example where the mineral and vegetable kingdoms are blended to form a new compound.

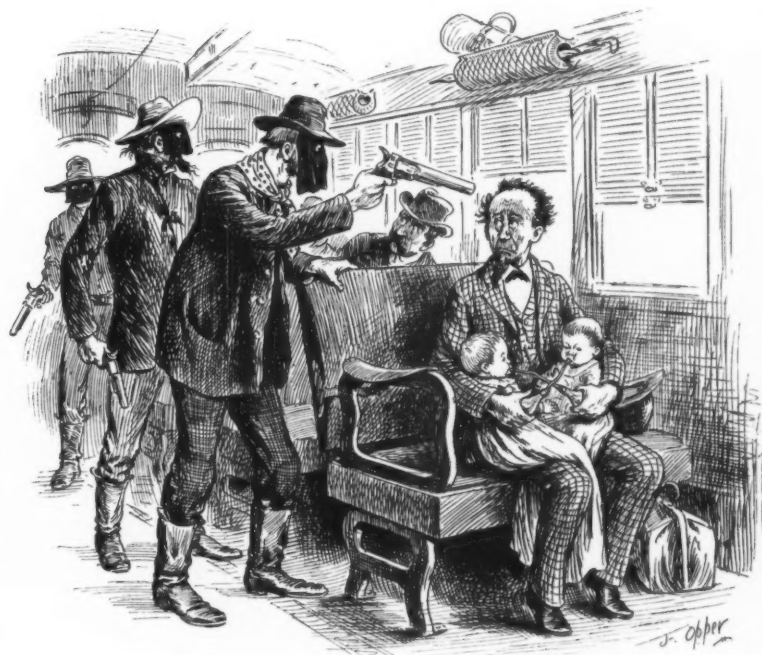
PUPIL.—Rock and Rye.

GOT THE SAME JOKES IN ANOTHER WAY.

"Gentlemen," said the Toastmaster, "we will dispense with speeches this evening. I have employed a professional elocutionist to read the comic papers aloud to us, instead."

AN OSTRICH TIP.

When the ostrich is captured,
He knows his mishap
Means many a feather
In somebody's cap.

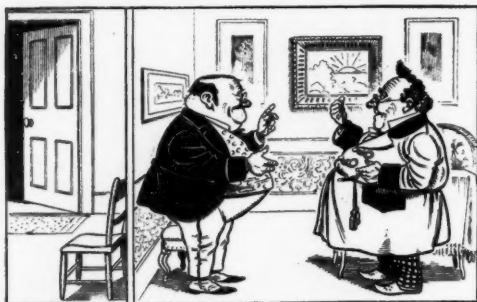


A REASONABLE REQUEST.

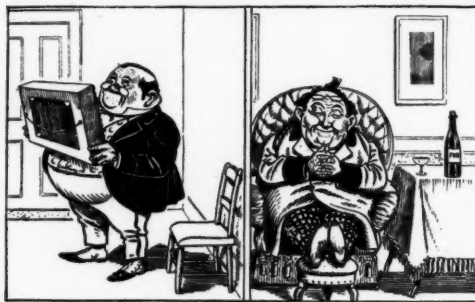
TRAIN ROBBER.—Throw up your hands!

PASSENGER.—All right; if you'll just hold the children a minute—my wife's gone into the dining-car for a cup of tea.

A SCENE THAT WAS MARRED.



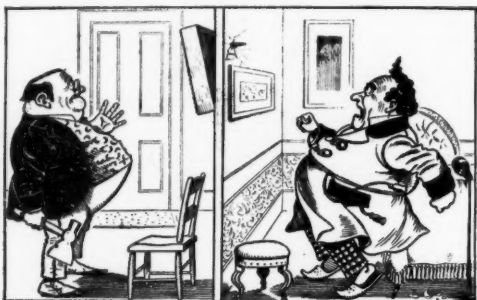
To his portly neighbor Gotrox, old man Breakbrac told his plight: His apartment's walls were dreary, and some friends would call that night.



Whereupon, old Gotrox loaned him, in the kindness of his heart, A little thing called "At Sunrise," which he held to be "high art."



Then old Breakbrac with a hatchet drove a nail of pond'rous size Through the wall of said apartment till it met his neighbor's eyes.



"There, now!" he said, as he surveyed the fruit of his little plan, "I'll bet my guests will consider me a connysoor sort of man!"



Then old Gotrox with great fury, and a hammer greater still, Made fierce assault upon that nail, and swore at thought of the bill.



One good, hard blow disposed of it and restored his peace of mind. (The walls were such as you only see in pictures of this kind.)

THE FINEST.

"Marvin says the greatest sight he ever saw was the grand review of troops at the close of the war."

"Poor fellow! I don't suppose he ever saw the police parade."

A DEFINITION.

"What is a fable?"
"A lie with a moral."



He heard a crash in his neighbor's room, likewise a startling yell; It filled him with 'lee to think that he had used his hammer well.



The climax shows for itself, we think; leastwise, you shall not hear From us the words they used. They were highly improper, we fear.

PERHAPS.

WOOL. — I've thought of a sentence that would stagger those missing-word lunatics.

VAN PELT. — What is it?

WOOL. — Ten years at hard labor.

THERE IS nothing quite so interesting in this world as other people's affairs.

EQUIPPED FOR PRACTICE.

PRYER.—What medical college is your physician a graduate from?
GUYER.—Medical college! Huh! He's no medical college fledge-ling. No, sir. He's a graduate of the jury which listened to the expert testimony in a great poison case.

"FOLLOW YOUR LEADER."

NORA ("leading").—
They tell me, Ned,
You've found at last
The girl you really mean to wed;
That you, the gay, the debonair,
In Cupid's net are tangled fast;
You—who've eluded many a snare.

Have I met, Ned,
Or do I know
This winsome girl you mean to wed?
Can it be Nell, or Rose, or Sue?
Who is it has bewitched you so?
And has she yet said "yes" to you?

NED ("following").—
She has not said
One hopeful word,
This winsome girl I wish to wed;
I've never mustered courage yet
To tell her how my heart is stirred,
How fast I'm snared in Cupid's net.—

—Don't turn your head—
She's wond'rous wise,
This peerless maid I mean to wed;
Her name's not Rose, or Nell, or Sue!
Lift up to mine your drooping eyes,
And read my secret: dear, she's—you!

Sara A. Palmer.



A GOOD PLAN.

FRIEND.—But is n't that a queer place to have a club—at the railroad station?

MR. SUBBUBS.—It may seem strange to you; but as we spend most of our time at the station waiting for trains, we thought it would be a good plan to locate our club here.



A CRISIS.

LANDLORD.—Look here, Mr. Roots, you'll either have to move your "Painless Dentistry Parlor" somewhere else, or make your patients stop hollering. The other tenants won't stand it any longer!

DELSARTE AND THE PLUMBER.

THE VOICE of the exponent of the Delsartean philosophy is heard abroad in the land.

Old men and grandames, young men and maidens are hearkening unto the voices of the exponents, and learning to express their emotions and feelings according to a definite plan.

This is very praiseworthy. Everything in this world should be run by a system. This reckless, careless manner of refreshing the feelings of the heart, common to most classes of society, should be suppressed. It is a relic of the untutored savage, the child of Nature of long ago.

For instance, when a plumber, with the arrogance and presumption of his race, presents to you a budget of bills, the excessive weight of which has necessitated his journeying to your residence in a two-horse cab, do not rise up in ignorant wrath, rail vulgarly at him, kick him down three flights of stairs and across an entry-way, the while using a short length of lead-pipe with great execution.

This is probably the way the untutored savages used their plumbers.

Proceed, rather, according to the definite rules laid down for the reception of plumbers and for other purposes, in the books of Delsarte teachers.

Choose a spot in the middle of the floor, and remove all chairs and bric-à-brac to a safe distance.

If you have studied carefully you will be enabled to use "Rule No. 2, Accusation:—Arm raised to front, head bowed, forefinger of hand pointing at object accused."

This may result in the plumber using "No. 69, Shame:—Head bowed upon breast, at same time arm carried as far over head as possible and moved to hide face." Or he may hitch up his trousers and execute "No. 20, Obstinance," and, afterward, "No. 979, Presentation."

Then try "No. 175, Resigned Appeal to Heaven."

If in the last case he uses "No. 73, Imprecation," do not forget yourself and use the lead-pipe. You will not find the pipe mentioned in your recipe-book of the emotions. You should try Nos. 276, 411, 312, etc., until you bring the plumber to "No. 1102, Remorse."

Then use "No. 508, Dismissal."

While the plumber renders "No. 21, Dignified Exit," give "No. 28, Benediction."

A BOOMERANG.

PROPRIETOR.—You are an hour late this morning; what's the matter?

WAITER.—I had to wait an hour for my turn to get shaved.

SHE MIGHT APPEAR.

PROFESSOR.—What subject have you chosen for your graduation essay?
MISS BRAINY.—"Ennobling Results of the Higher Education of Woman."

PROFESSOR.—An excellent theme! Will you read it yourself?

MISS BRAINY.—Yes, if my hoopskirt arrives in time.

CALL TO A CHAIR.

BARBER.—Well, this is the last time I shall cut your hair.

CUSTOMER.—Going out of the business?

BARBER.—No; I have accepted the call to a chair at Cornell University.

THE FLAT HABIT.

MR. TOPFLOOR.—I have rented a cottage for the Summer.

MRS. TOPFLOOR.—Is there an elevator in it?

A COUNTER ATTRACTION.

VISITOR.—How do you enjoy having the Exposition here?

NATIVE.—I can't say I like it. It takes away the interest from the stock yards.

AN IMITATION.

"Is n't Faber's newspaper a political organ?"

"No; it's only an organette."

A TELLING RETORT.

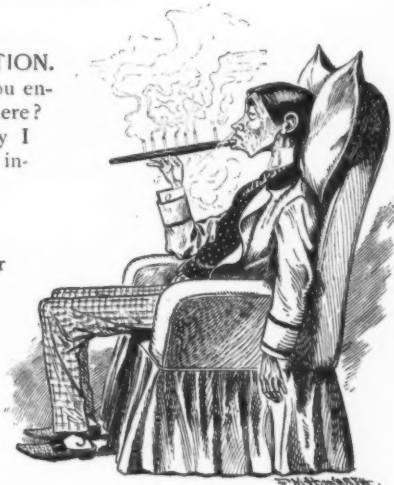
CHICAGOAN.—You Philadelphians are pretty slow.

PHILADELPHIAN.—We were n't a year behind time with our Fair, any way.

THE EIGHT-HOUR agitators believe that the best way to bring the industrial millennium is to make short work of it.

THE LAY OF THE LAND—A Columbian Ode, Just Now.

ULSTER NATURALLY adds warmth to the Irish discussion.



AN IMPROVED PLAN.

Charlie's appetite for cigarettes became so ravenous that one cigarette at a time failed to satisfy his cravings. Happening to think of a file he had, he put it to use in the above manner.



SYMPATHY, WITH A POINT.

PENELOPE (sighing).—Poor fellow!

TEN BROKE.—Well, if you sympathize with me, why don't you accept me?

PENELOPE.—Because you are such a poor fellow.

LIST
OF OUR
GILT EDGE SECURITIES
CORDAGE
LEAD
CHICAGO GAS
WHISKEY
SUGAR
RUBBER
COTTON OIL





FOURTEEN SECONDS WITH THE POETS.



HERE is a Life of Addison, a Life of Shelley, a Life of Coleridge, of Jonson, of Eliza Cook, of Faber, of Smith, and even of Mrs. Hyphen-Browning. And there is a Lives of the Poets. Some of the poets have nine Lives. This is what makes sack-cloth so expensive. The volumes lumber the book-shelves of our millionaires, but the contents of the volumes do not lumber the minds of our millionaires. Adverse comment on this state of things is groundless. Who desires that a haughty parvenu, capable of smoking a fifty-cent cigar, of owning a trotting horse and of giving utterance to such words as, "Now, I'll tell you what I will do with you"—who desires that such a being should employ his time in learning the pettinesses of men who did not know a good cigar when they saw it, who never owned a horse of any kind, and who were not in a position to do anything with anybody? It would be nothing less than sacrilege for a parvenu to employ his time thus. Besides, it is unnecessary. When we can learn all about any language in Fourteen Weeks Without an Instructor, it is very singular if we can not learn all about one of the poets in that language in fourteen seconds, when we have such an instructor as the reader is now blessed with. It is with this idea that the following is furnished to cattle-kings, oil-kings and railroad magnates; and it is agreed that if the sketches do not fulfill all the requirements of polite conversation, any one feeling himself deceived will be given a PUCK WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR on receipt of fifty cents. Of course we will begin with Chaucer.

CHAUCER.—"Sweet well of English undefiled." Sometimes called Dan by intimate friends. Either he was a victim to the plague of humorous bad spelling, or his early education was atrociously neglected. The best quotation to make from his works is this, which will show that you long ago grasped his more solid philosophy, and are now amusing yourself with his quaint humor:

"Ful wel it fares a man to bere him even
For often meten men at unset steven."

After quoting this and explaining it, you may express regret that the poet should ever have backslid to the flowerless paths of virtue.

SHAKSPERE.—The subject of this sketch was born in fifteen hundred and something; but the exact date nobody except a chronology can ever remember. He was a good poet and a tender husband. Chiefly remarkable for an imperious order that he issued

in his thirtieth year, and which was: "Blow, blow thou Winter wind." The wind has been blowing ever since. S. is the author of many *marron glacé* quotations. There is now no person of so poor a literary skill that he will not confidently remark, on hearing lines five feet long: "Why, that sounds like Shakspeare!"

BYRON.—Lord George Gordon of that name. A poet who, by great, good luck, succeeded in giving rise to the belief that his works were full of impropriety. Whether in any other event he would have made literature a financial success is doubtful. When any one mentions Byron, you may murmur: "It is the hour when from the boughs." Or, you may say: "Oh, yes; Gourd Jordan." If conversing with anointed literary critics, it will be your best course to say that you take direct issue with the criticism of Thackeray. You can give variety to this by remarking that Thackeray has expressed your opinion to a nicety.

SHERIDAN.—The subject of this brief sketch is sometimes erroneously confounded with Phil Sheridan, the dramatist and war-cyclorama inventor; but when a man is erroneously confounded there must be some radical mistake. It would seem that the error rose from the similarity in names. S. was born in Dublin, of decent Irish parentage, in 1751, and



A SUSPICIOUS DISCOUNT.

HEN. COOP.—What 'll you whitewash my hen-house for?

UNCLE EBEN.—Outside or inside, sah?

HEN. COOP.—Just the outside.

UNCLE EBEN.—Well, I kin do de outside fer a dollar 'n' a ha'f—but I 'll make yer a lib'ral discount fer doin' de whole job.

HEN. COOP.—How much of a discount?

UNCLE EBEN.—Well, I reckon I cud do it outside and in, fer erbout sebenty-fi' cents, sah.

in 1771 we find him well on in his twentieth year. His success in literature is due to his shrewdness in not bringing out *The Critic* until his popularity was assured. His works are marred by a painstaking levity which has induced unfavorable comparisons with Hallam's Middle Ages. S. was probably the most accomplished man in sending a dun to the right about who ever lived—if we except those groveling souls who get rid of duns by paying their bills.

HOMER.—The subject of this brief sketch was born so long ago that his war articles have not yet reached the general delivery. He was a good poet, and, being blind, a splendid husband. His poetry has been (by his partisans) quite favorably compared with the poetry in the back pages of a magazine. He did not smoke nor wear tight boots. In all his personal habits he was without peer. This came from his never choosing peers as associates. A little anecdote of H., now told for the first time, will prepare you to win a veritable triumph. It is said that when Anaximander, the Persian, asked H. if he did not regret being born so early in the world's history, he responded: "*Δαμνφεινω: ιτ ις η τοος υπ*." It is hard," he continued, "to live before the invention of the art of printing, the 'art preservative,' if I may use that faded expression; but, by Zeus H. Jupiter! it would be a great deal tougher to live and poet in 1893, when every third man was as good a poet as yourself."

Williston Fish.



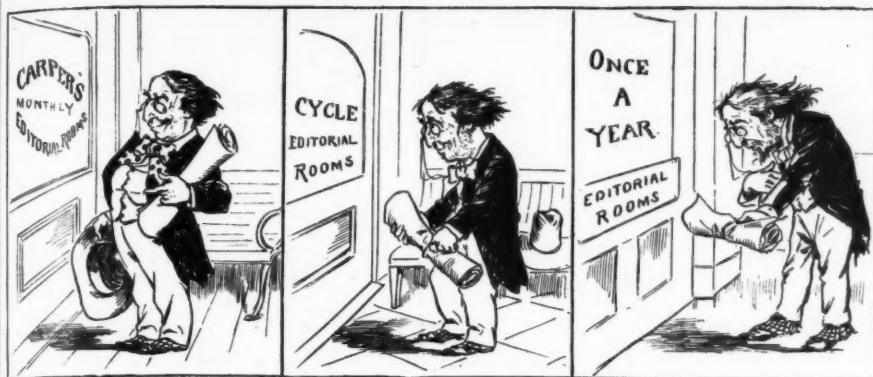
AN OLD PROVERB PROVEN.

MRS. HICHURCH (as she gazes out of the window on a rainy Sunday morning).—Yes; it's true. Providence does temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

MR. HICHURCH.—What makes you say so?

MRS. HICHURCH.—Why, my new bonnet did n't come home last night!

THE POET'S DECLINE.



SEVERAL COMPARISONS.

"Money is like women in one respect," said Mr. Darley to his wife.

"That's so," replied she. "It's a good thing to have about the house."

"That was n't the resemblance I had in mind," Mr. Darley went on.

"I suppose not."

"No; money is like women because money talks."

"Well, money has some well-known masculine characteristics, too," retorted Mrs. Darley. "It gets tight. More than that, it requires the same remedy as its human exemplar in that case."

"And what is that?"

"The gold cure."

A WORSE MUDDLE THAN EVER.

EMPLOYER (*who has vanquished a trade union*).—What's the matter now?

SUPERINTENDENT (*dolefully*).—The non-union men have struck because we took a union man in.

IT IS A POOR RULE WON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

"Do they always send people to prison for misbehavior, Papa?"

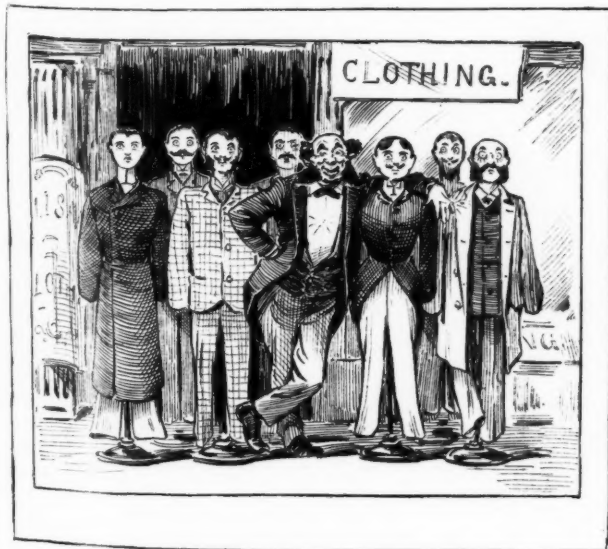
"Not always. Warden Brown was sent away from prison for misbehavior."

INTUITIVE KNOWLEDGE.

"Now, Bobbie," said the teacher in Natural History, "what is a panther?"

"A man that makthe panth," lisped Bobbie.

THE CHINESE must go; but their fire-crackers, much more harmful than themselves, may stay behind.



A TRADE DEVICE.

(Extract from Evening Paper.)

Mr. Solomon Isaacs has published, as a World's Fair Souvenir, a handsome view of his establishment, showing the genial proprietor and his seven salesmen.

A MISTAKE.

MRS. H. HUNTER.—I like the flat because it has so many nice closets in it.

AGENT.—Great Scott, Madam! Those are not closets—they are bed-rooms.

EXCISE BOARD — Free Lunch.

WASTING AWAY — The Cook.

NATURE FEATHERS the oars of the duck.

No. 4. NOW READY.



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THOSE OFFICE RULES.

HAIL TO THEE, list of Office Rules!

Evidence of employers' love!

Bright wouldst thou shine in Sabbath schools

And make the angels glad above!

'T is from thy well-loved, little page

I know the councils of the firm

Are led by master minds so sage

That 'neath their ponderous brains they squirm.

I must not talk aloud nor smoke;

I must not say a hearty damn—

(E'en though by some unlucky stroke

My pen in mucilage pot I cram.)

The typewritist I must not kiss;

I must not stroke her flaxen hair;

If morning train by hap I miss,

A job I'll have to seek elsewhere.

I must not to the races go;

I must not play at cards or pool—

I must indeed be very slow

And be consistent with each rule.

No more the foaming amber beer—

While midday meal I slowly munch—

May to my weary frame give cheer

And help digest old Josef's lunch!

But though I may do none of these,

According to our Office Rules,

I still may think, just as I please;

My kind employers are d— fools.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

JESS.—There's to be a Hottentot woman at the missionary meeting, dressed in the native costume.

BESS.—I won't go; that sort of thing is getting awfully monotonous.

JESS.—Come along; may be she'll do a skirt dance.

WORSE YET.

"My gracious!" said Aunt Jemima. "The big storm in Injanny, the paper says, carried everything before it."

"Skasely everything, Jemima," said Uncle Reuben. "It left ruin behind it."

A TIME TABLE — One Bought on the Installment Plan.

IF COLUMBUS had had all the money that has been spent in celebrating his memory, he would have been too lazy to sail in anything but a pleasure yacht.

If we could dissect one of our instruments in your presence, you would be astonished at the sum of perfection displayed before your eyes; not a flaw anywhere; leading features everywhere. You would concur with our statement that the **BEST** Piano made is the

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"Kill two birds

with one 'buy.'"

Several birds, in fact. Make the youngster happy; teach him (or her) the value of time—what a minute means, and how to make the most of it; how to keep up with the day, meet all engagements and come out ahead at the end of the year. It will save you a load of anxiety, too. Can you do better than to buy the child a new, quick-winding Waterbury watch? \$4 to \$15.

Your jeweler will show you every style of this watch for ladies, gentlemen or boys. Coin-silver or filled gold; an accurate jeweled timepiece. You may need one yourself.



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AVERAGE AMERICAN CITIZEN to visiting Englishman. — Yes, sir-ee! This is the most glorious country on the face of the earth. Each man his own sovereign and ruler. Of course, each individual does n't rule, but he has the power to elect those who do.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

Pickings from Puck,
9th Crop, 25 cents.

A Sensational Story has attracted attention lately, but as a matter of fact the public has also devoted time to things substantial, judging by the unprecedented sales of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Unequalled as a food for infants. Sold by Grocers and Druggists.



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absolutely pure and well matured liquors,
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be found of uniform quality, and, blending
thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.
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smiles,
bright in
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Disease is
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weak tissue
is replaced by the healthy
kind. Scott's Emulsion of
cod liver oil effects cure by
building up sound flesh. It
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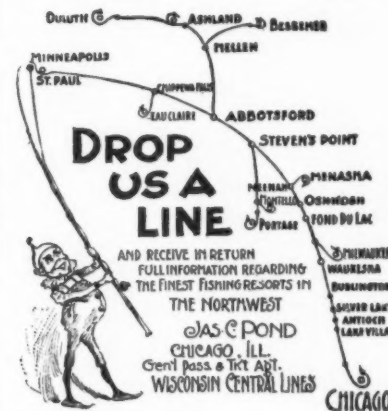
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in convalescence from fevers, etc. Quinine in
powder or pills is often unabsorbed and thus
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Calisaya La Rilla is felt immediately, and
the dose may be measured by the requirements
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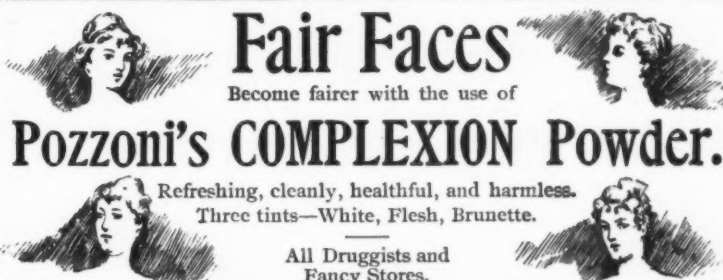
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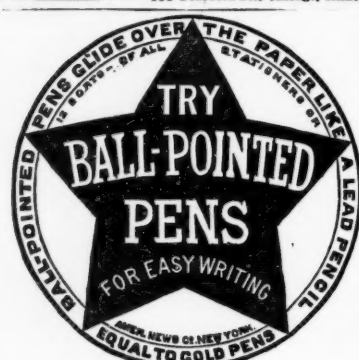
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THE NATURE OF THE BEAST.

TOURIST.—Is the alligator an amphibious animal?
GUIDE.—Yes—yes; bite a man's leg off in a minute.

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne has no superior. Try it. Record, forty years. Warranted pure juice of the grape.

After a night with the boys

Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.



Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection of Olive Oil.

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S. Rae

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AT THE WORLD'S FAIR MERIT TRIUMPHS.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N
WILL SUPPLY THE BEER.

Read what the GLOBE-DEMOCRAT of St. Louis says: Busch, that gentleman candidly told them that if beer was beer with them, and they were looking for a supply on the basis of cheapness, then the Anheuser-Busch would not be in it; but if it was quality and not cheap beer they were after, and were willing to pay for good beer, such as the Anheuser-Busch manufacture every day in the year, then he was ready to treat with them. As quality is the desiderata the World's Fair Casino Restaurant will supply nothing but the best—Anheuser-Busch brew."

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And the innocent policeman merely murmured:

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SECOND BOY.—How?

FIRST BOY.—Makes coal so high-priced that Pop carries it in hisself, 'cause I'd scatter it.—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

CAUSES OF COMFORT.

PETTED WIFE.—This old-fashioned chair is delightfully antique, but very uncomfortable. I don't see how your mother could like it.

HUSBAND (mildly).—I presume she was usually tired when she sat down.—*New York Weekly*.

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"WELL, it isn't about it just now."—*Quips*.

NEARLY all the men who have invented flying machines are residing in our cemeteries.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A Mirror of the Great Fair: THE WORLD'S FAIR PUCK.

10 Cents.

All Newsdealers.



I.
Quoth Mrs. Highton: "If you're sure this is the latest shade,
I'll take ten yards;—and now I wonder how I'll have it made."



II.
Then Mrs. Highton's rival, Mrs. Inswim, came that way:
"I'll have a pattern off of that;—and send it up to-day."



III.
Said Mrs. Highton's Modiste: "Now, just leave it all to me.
I'll make it in the latest mode, just in from dear Pa-ree."



IV.
Mrs. Inswim's own dressmaker, an American named Harris,
Said she'd make it in a late style she had just received from Paris.



V.
Mrs. Inswim's dress came promptly home on Saturday A. M.
She said, "I'll wear it out at once. It is a perfect gem!"



VI.
Mrs. Highton from her window saw a sight that made her hiss:
"Look—look! that odious creature has a new dress just like this!"



VII.
She called her cook: "Here, Nora, I present this dress to you.
You must go to church to-morrow and sit near the Inswim pew."



VIII.
Thus there was a tragic meeting at the portals of the church;
And the dressy Mrs. Inswim was left fainting in the lurch.